Oh Richard: Yorke is too far gone with griefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.
King Why Vnckle whats the matter?
Yorke Oh my leige, pardon me if you please,
If not I pleasd not to be pardoned, am content withal,
Seeke you to seaze and gripe into your hands
The roialties and rightes of banisht Hereford:
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not Gaunt iust? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heire a wel deseruing sonne?
Take Herefords rights away, and take from time
His charters and his costomarie rights;
Let not to morrow then ensue to daie:
Be not thy selfe, For how art thou a King
But by faire sequence and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you do wrongfully seaze Herfords right,
Cal in the letters pattents that he hath
By his atournies general to sue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and ale ageance cannot thinke.
King Thinke what you wil, we ceaze into our hands
His plate, his goods, his mony and his lands.
Yorke Ile not be by the while, my liege farewel,
What wil insue hereof ther's none can tel:
But by bad courses may be vnderstood
That their euents can neuer fall out good, *Exit.*
King Go Bushie to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,
Bid him repaire to vs to Eli house,
To see this busines: to morrow next
We wil for Ireland, and tis time I trow,
And we create in absence of our selfe,
Our Vnckle Yorke Lord gouernour of England;
For he is iust and alwayes loued vs well:

Come

Come on our Queene, to morrow must wee part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Exeunt King and Queene: Manet North.

North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
Rosse And liuing too for now his sonne is Duke.
Will. Barely in title not in reuenewes.
North. Richly in both if iustice had her right.
Rosse My heart is great, but it must break with silence,
Ert be disburdened with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay speak thy mind, & let him nere speake more
That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme, (ford?
Will. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the D. of Her-
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
Rosse No good at all that I can doe for him.
Vnlesse you call it good to pittie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now afore God tis shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many mo
Of noble bloud in this declining land,
The king is not himselfe, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate against any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely prosecute,
Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Rosse The commons hath hee pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath he find
For auncient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are deuisde,
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what,
But what a Gods name doth become of this?
Willo. Wars hath not wasted it, for warrde he hath not,
But basely yeelded vpon compromise,
That which his noble auncestors atchiude with blowes.
More hath he spent in peace then they in wars.
Rosse The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farme.
Willo. The King growne bankerout like a broken man.

North.